The Hildotter Hermitage

A Heartbook Home

< Me too!

My Origins

December 10, 2012 in Helga Clavestrine, Memories/Waftings by Vika Helga Clavestrine | 4 comments

For some reason, it seemed a good time to share these memories and waftings. I know that they may seem fantastic, and maybe they are….but they seem vivid and real to me.

When I was a maid in the flesh, I grew up in a small village in what would now be considered North Arkadya. At the time, we had no Duchess or Princess that we were aware of. The Dark Ones had defeated the Chenti long before I was born, and long before even the Elders of my village were born. Our village was under regular attach by the Dark Ones…ugly, nasty creatures that did their best to destroy our village and the surrounding farmland. Our village was self-contained. We were governed by the village Elders. We tried to keep four, two melini and two chelani, but sometimes we had only 2 or 3. We often suffered heavy casualties to the Dark Ones, and of course, there were also times that we would lose our Elders to natural old age. When we would lose an Elder, the Priestesses would pray until the Archetype fell upon one of the villagers, and somehow the villager and the Priestesses would just *know*. Sometimes, there would be a space of time between the loss of one Elder and the Archetype becoming manifest on a new maid. The time would rarely be more than 2 or 3 months, but I think once we went a whole year before a new Elder was named.

Our village was too small to have any meaningful hereditary Estates, like exist now in North Arkadya. We had one Temple in the center of the village, which was served by several Priestesses. The Priestesses would determine our werdë when we were born, after prayer and divination, and we would be trained for our role in the village. We would live with our parents until we were old enough to be trained for our role, and then, if our werdë was different than that of our parents, we would be apprenticed to a family with the same werdë. In a gentler time, my werdë might have been to be a priestess or a housemaid, particularly as a chelan. I was not born into a gentler time, though, so my werdë was to be a swordsmaid.

Sadly, I do not remember much more of my childhood in the flesh. Maybe more will come later. I think that my blonde mother died when I was quite young, likely in a demon attack. I do remember that, after that time, I was raised by my brunette mother alone. My main memory is when I was around 20 in the flesh. Young though I was, I was a full-fledged swordsmaid of the village. My duty was to guard the Temple along with the other chelani swordsmaids. The Priestesses would somehow join us together on the subtle level to form an aethyric ring around the Temple. The FoD's would attack on the subtle level as well as on the physical level, and we all felt that our greatest safety lay in

keeping the Temple free from invasion, physically or subtly. It was our belief that if the Temple was lost, the entire village was lost, and as long as the Temple stood, our village could be rebuilt.

We had heard distant rumors of hope from the East…that the ancient sword had been recovered, and that there was a Holy Avatar on Sai Herthe. That was far from us though, and it almost seemed too hopeful to believe. We had been taught the prophecies that this would happen by our Priestesses, of course, but that seemed a distant hope in the face of regular attacks from the Dark Ones.

One day, there was a very difficult attack that destroyed most of our village. We were able to preserve the Temple, but much of the rest of the village had been destroyed. This was one of the worst defeats we had had since my birth, although, I was told that our village had been destroyed and rebuilt several times over the past generations. As we were looking through the rumble, we saw a squadron of brilliantly armored swordsmaids coming from the East. Their armor was the color of gold, and they rode golden horses. They had the image of the Sun shining on their breastplates. It was quite glorious to behold.

They came into the village and helped us clean up the rubble. One of them asked me about our defense of the Temple and what we did. I explained our drill and how the defense of the Temple was seen as of primary importance. I was told that the swordsmaids were from the army of Sai Rayanna, who had come to renew Sai Herthe and restore our civilization. I was asked if I wanted to join their ranks. I would have to leave the village for more training, and I would likely be stationed elsewhere. I was honored, but I had many second thoughts about leaving my duties here in my village. The Swordsmaids said that they were now assigned to protect our village and neighboring villages, and would take the place of local guards. I was not sure about this, and I asked to be able to think about it. I was given permission.

Eventually, I went home. When I got home, I found that my Mimi had been severely injured in the attack. I wanted to bring her to the Temple for healing, but she said it was too late. I tried anyways. My Mimi told me to stop, that she needed to talk with me. She asked about the Golden Swordsmaids. I told her what I had discovered. I told my Mimi about the offer to join the army of Sai Rayanna, and about my hesitancy to leave the village. My Mimi told me that I must go, that the best protection for our village would come from allegiance to Sai Rayanna, and that the Golden Swordsmaids could offer far better protection than homegrown village maids. I said, "Yes, ma'am," to my Mimi. My Mimi said, "Good girl. I love you and I am proud of you." As I tried to tell her, "I love you, too," my Mimi died.

I brought my Mimi's body to the Temple for proper internment, and I stayed for the funeral for her and the other honored villagers who perished in the attack. I then petitioned the Golden Swordsmaids to join their ranks, and I was escorted away from the village for my training.

I do not remember any more at this time, but it seemed like a good time to share this.

4 comments

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Elefarya Rosamunda on December 10, 2012 at 10:56 pm

Wow. Um…no words.

Portia, however, would like to talk with you some time.

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Vika Helga Clavestrine on December 10, 2012 at 11:27 pm

Thank you.

I am happy to talk with Honored Miss Chandrick whenever she would like.

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Sushuri-chei on December 11, 2012 at 12:15 am

Thank you so much for sharing this. It made me cry, because it is sad, but I am glad to hear about it!

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Vika Helga Clavestrine on December 11, 2012 at 12:24 am

Oh, I am sorry this made you cry, Honored Sushuri-chei.

Yes, this part is quite sad, but even though I do not remember the rest as of yet, from our own Tradition, I know that things got better, and that Sai Rayanna was victorious over the Forces of Darkness in the end!

Haya Vikhë!

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